

RESTORATION



Vol. V.

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No. 2.

Sugar-Coated Christ Is Not For Students

By Catherine de Hueck

Dear Sister:—It is a long time since I have written you. Forgive me. But I have been away on a long journey. I went to Rome. To the Congress of the Lay Apostolate held there last October. As a delegate of my Ordinary. Thus I participated in an event of great importance.

It brought, for the first time in the long history of the Holy Roman Catholic Church, 1200 lay delegates from 74 countries—representing millions of Catholics engaged in the Apostolate, to the Eternal City.

It brought them, for the first time too, to tell the Holy Father, and through Him the whole world, of their work, their needs, their knowledge, their achievements, and their techniques acquired so painfully in the market places of the world, where they labored and still do—so diligently!

I Thought of You

As I listened to their words, so full of Christ's fire, so full of truth and love, I thought of you and of our long correspondence; and I wished with all my heart that you could have been present... could have listened with me to those lay workers of the Lord's present day vineyards!

For listening to them... you would have heard, seen and touched... the needs of the youth whom the Lord has placed in your keeping. You would have understood so vividly, so clearly... WHAT KIND OF WORLD... WHAT KIND OF BATTLE you have to prepare them for.

You would have caught too, if only for a second... the multi-faceted face of the prince of evil. And you would have realized that STRONG MEATS INDEED were needed to nourish the souls of the young — brain-food, as it were, to give them wisdom to recognize each of those facets, and "muscle-building" foods to provide them with the strength to fight all evils.

That Sugary Piety!

You would have known then — in a flash — that sentimental piety was not enough; that it was your duty to bring Christ out from the shadows of that sugary piety that clothes Him in imaginary, flowing, pastel-color garments — WHICH HE NEVER WORE!

Remember? His was the clothing of a workman... a poor man.

You would have known then — in that same flash — that you had to take Him out of those effeminate images of Him, out of those piously, sentimental holy cards... into the manliness that was His!

Remember? He was a carpenter, with rough hands and calloused feet. He got that way from working, and from walking bare-footed. And He must have smelled of honest sweat too!

Yes, you would have

known then — in that flash — that you had to bring Him out of all the lying pious shadows... into the streets... the homes... the schools of your cities.

Bring Him out... THE LIVING... TEACHING... PREACHING CHRIST.

Bring Him out, through His revolutionary Gospels, which contain within their few pages — the structure of a whole new Christian social order... which demand nothing less than the whole of man... the whole of man dedicated utterly to God.

Remember? There was no compromise in Him.

No Compromise!

You would have known... that there could be no compromise OF ANY KIND IN YOU AND YOUR TEACHING... for the world depends on the fullness of His life in His consecrated ones, and in those they teach. Yes a world... and its fate. Its tomorrows. What will they be? Will they bring us to the Catacombs, there to learn, in the hard ways of the martyrs... the reality of Christ the man-God... the truth of His Gospels so utterly radical to our eyes of today?

Or will those to-morrows bring us a world restored to Christ, in the tranquility of His Father's Order... anchored in a charity that is a living flame in the hearts of all men... rooted in the fullness of living Christ's Gospels... without any compromise, without any foolish prudence of men... in the holy prudence of God... that seems such folly to us?

Which shall it be?

It depends on you.

I wished, indeed, that you could have been there... and listened, as lay apostle, after lay apostle laid bare the flesh of the world... the world that Christ would not have anything to do with... the world the youth entrusted by Him to you, must live in... AND NOT BE OF.

Yes, if you had been there, you would have seen what strong meat you must feed them.

And you would have run all the way back home to your convent, to bring Christ into the strong light of ordinary day... into the streets, the homes, the schools of your city... where He belongs.

But you were not there to

meet the Christ of the Lay Apostles.

God bless you, Sister, and many, many Happy New Years.

Catherine.

God and Science

The editors of Restoration have long cherished the Holy Father, Pope Pius XII, not only as a great and saintly man, as the vicar of Christ, and as the head of the church militant, but also as a superb and profound writer.

The talk he made last November to the Pontifical Academy of Sciences, at a meeting held in the Vatican, gives one an insight into the beauty and the depth of his mind.

Say It Again

What he said on that occasion has been printed in most every Catholic publication in the free world. And there is really no reason why it should be reprinted here, except that there is so much gold in it that one wants to share it with others.

We print a few paragraphs only. We have no space, alas, for more. But even in these fragments there is such wisdom, such warmth, and such love of God and man, that it should keep us happy all this promising new year. Listen:

CHRIST the Workman



"By your research, your unveiling of the secrets of nature, and your teaching of men to direct the forces of nature toward their own welfare, you preach at the same time, in the language of figures, formulas and discoveries, the unspeakable harmony of the work of an all-wise God.

"In fact, according to the measure of its progress, and contrary to affirmations advanced in the past, true science discovers God in an ever-increasing degree — as though God were waiting behind every door opened by

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Lumber Grows Now Instead of Timber

Peter Karl, Jr., of Utica, N.Y., who spent some time at Madonna House in 1948, came back to visit us last month. Much had happened to him in the years he had been away. He had lived in the far west. He had been to sea, and visited most of the ports in which big liners dock. And he had been elected supervisor in his home town, on the Republican ticket.

Much had happened here too; but the thing that affected Peter most was the destruction of the Sacred Heart Church down the road. Peter used to go there every day with the Madonna House crowd, sometimes singing a hymn to Our Lady as he came or went.

He loved it as we all did. And he mourned it as we all mourn it—as though it had been a dear friend that had died.

In Time to Work

However, he arrived here in time to take a heavy part in the work outlined by Father A. P. Dwyer toward the rebuilding of the church next Spring. He was one of the crowd that helped in the strenuous work of cutting down trees and turning them into lumber. This is his story of that work.

By Peter Karl

Wednesday, December 5, was an unusual day in Combermere. The snow had come and gone. The sun shone brightly. The buds on Mrs. Mayhew's lilacs started out of their stems. And a fellow couldn't help but think of a swim when he looked at the chill blue waters of the Madawaska.

The waters were chill, but they didn't look it.

On such a day one would not expect to see such activity as I observed all around the site of the old church. Men were working in the woods near the parish house, felling tall pines and skidding them down toward the road. Other men loaded them onto trucks, piling them high. And still others drove the loaded trucks down the road and across the river and around to Pastway's mill.

Wood. Buzz. Lumber

There a group of sweating men rolled the logs into the water, forced them into the log corral which kept them from shooting down stream.

A man with a long spiked pole shepherded these great reluctant sticks to the jack-track, or conveyor, which brought them, one by one, into the mill. Another man rolled them over to a machine which ran on two tracks and held them fast while they met the buzzing four-foot round saw which cut the edges off them as easily as your hired girl would cut the sides of an apple.

What had been wrapped in rough-bark a moment before — what had been an ordinary tree stripped of its branches by a lot of boys and young men with sharp tools — now was white new wood.

While the saw continued to rotate, the machine brought the logs back and forth, turning the new wood into so many boards of just such a thickness, and then releasing them. An edging machine took off the rough edges of the boards, and another saw cut off the ends so that all the boards were of standard length.

The boards went out on the conveyor, to be piled on jacks until the trucks came for them. When the truck had all the lumber it could take, away it went, back to the spot where the men were still cutting trees and the boys stripping them.

From Piles To Piles

The lumber is piled just across from the site of the church. What was, a few hours ago, a tall pine swaying in the wind, is now part of a growing pile of lumber on the other side of the road. What was the reason for all this activity on such a glorious day? This is a Bee day—and it is rightly named because the men of the parish are working like so many bees.

Really, these men are not just chopping, skidding, trucking, milling, or piling. They are building a church. In the North country fire does its job completely. When the Church of the Sacred Heart burned last month — on Nov. 11—there was nothing to tear down, nothing to build on. In a couple of hours the fire had destroyed everything except the concrete foundation.

This is a poor community. A very poor community. But it is rich in man power, and in good will. These men are doing what they can to put up a new church. They give of their labor, their time, their sweat, their best intentions.

God Wanted It

The weather favored them. If the cold had set in, the logs would be frozen so hard the saw couldn't cut them. They would have to wait for Spring to be turned into lumber — and the lumber would not be the seasoned-stuff needed for a building. Winter comes early here, usually. Winter was long past due. There had been two or three feet of snow in October or November. But

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EDDIE DOHERTY Editor
CATHERINE DE HUECK-DOHERTY Managing Editor
DOROTHY PHILLIPS Circulation Manager

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WHERE LOVE IS—GOD IS

Another year has fallen gently from the hands of God on to our earth. Another little space of time has been given us to take stock of the past, and to turn our hearts, minds, and souls, more fully toward Him.

What else is there to do in our strange twilight days of fears, doubts, and insecurity? What else but to finally begin to learn how to love?

For it is love, and love alone, that will set the house of our souls in order. Then the whole, of which each is a part, will become Him again, and we shall know the peace and happiness that have eluded us for half a century.

Why is it we are so hard of heart? So foolish? Why can we not see the real reason why our world is in darkness? How could it be otherwise when we who are the lamps that should light its highways, by-ways, and even alley-ways, are oil-less and light-less.

Like the foolish virgins, we have squandered our time pursuing the will-o'-the-wisps that are our fancies, and our own will. Of these we have made idols.

While we were thus busy . . . our lamps ran dry and the world became dark and dank, a place of hate and turmoil, war, and rumors of war.

Darkness is like that, it begets fears and hate.

But God is infinitely merciful. And, behold, from His hands comes another year . . . time to fill our lamps and trim them, so their light may shine brightly and show us once more the way we must walk . . . not alone . . . but with our neighbors.

Let us make this coming year one of love, of service, to all around us. Let us fill each day, each hour, each minute, with love to overflowing. Aye, let it spill over and heal—as only love can heal—our own deep wounds, and those of others.

For we are a wounded people, wounded deeply by our own forgetfulness of God. Nothing will make us whole again but God Himself . . . And God is love.

We shall find Him only if we learn to love, as the first Christians did . . . utterly, passionately, completely . . . to love first God with our whole mind, our whole heart, and our whole soul . . . and then our neighbor as ourself for the love of God.

Men are tired of idols . . . of empty words . . . of doubts . . . of fears . . . of uncertainty . . . of insecurity. We who are the followers of Christ can give them rest . . . by giving them love.

Men are sick unto death of lies and subterfuges. We can heal them and strengthen them by giving them the fullness of God's Truth as lived by us—as shining through our daily lives . . . touchable and visible . . . because we ourselves are in love with God . . . in love with LOVE.

Yes . . . let us make this coming year a year of CARITAS . . . whose other name is God. For only by giving God to men . . . and restoring men to God, can peace be brought to this weary earth.

Another year has been given us to do this in. Another year has been given us to begin loving. Let us not waste any of it. For what else is life without love—true love of God and men—than death? And who wants to be dead while there is still life in him?

Mary, Mother of fair love, teach us how to love. Holy Ghost, Spirit of Love, fill our hearts that we may indeed renew the face of this earth. Lord Jesus, Who loved us unto death . . . give us the grace of loving You unto life everlasting . . . God, Our Father, Who art in heaven, Who so loved the world as to give Your only begotten Son for its salvation . . . set our hearts on fire with love for You.

Let this year of grace, 1952, we beseech you, be indeed a year of LOVE!

FIVE ACRE MEDITATIONS

by Eddie Doherty

At eleven o'clock on the morning of November 11th, 1951, thirty-three years after the guns ceased fire in the first world war, our beautiful little church in Combermere broke into flames and burned to the frozen ground.

The fire started in the sacristy; nobody knows exactly how. The priest, the Reverend A. P. Dwyer, was at the altar, concluding Benediction after High Mass. He was saying the Praises, and the congregation was answering.

"Blessed be God."
"Blessed be God."
"Blessed be His holy name."
"Blessed be His holy name."

There Was No Panic

He stood up, suddenly, smelling smoke in the sacristy, hearing the crackle of flames. He went quickly from the altar, and partly opened one of the sacristy doors. Smoke came into the sanctuary. Not very much. A wisp or two. But pungent. Hot. He turned to his people.

"There is a fire," he said. "You'd better go." His voice was calm, unexcited. It did not create a panic. He went up to the altar, while the people began to file slowly out through the wide front door, and took down the monstrance with the shining white Host still in it. He opened the tabernacle and took out the ciborium. His cope was afire as he went through the door. He took the Sacred Vessels into his house and returned to rescue his chalice. His housekeeper, Miss Etta Perrier, however, saved the chalice. It was so hot it seared her hand.

I watched the fire burn itself out. I stood in the slush and the snow a long time, yet it seemed but a few minutes, looking at the red and gold of the fire, looking at the stricken priest, looking at the stunned parishioners.

More Than Excitement

There were boys running down the slippery, slushy, narrow path to the river with empty pails. There were boys scrambling back up, with dripping buckets. There were people throwing water on the fire. Others were tossing snowballs into the flames. There were men on the roof of the church, and others on the roof of the rectory. There was an excitement among the workers; but there was something more stirring than excitement in the eyes of those who just stood there, doing nothing.

They and their children had been married in that church. There they had received other Sacraments. Penance that had freed them from their sins and made them happy. Communion that made them like unto the church itself—for a little while; for it enabled them to hold God within themselves, as in a tabernacle.

Their babies had been Christened here, and here had been confirmed. The fire of the Holy Ghost had come down upon them here. Right here where the flames were raging.

Did the apostles feel such fire when the Holy Ghost came down upon them in tongues of fire on that first Pentecost?

There were people standing there who had walked

miles to be in time for Mass, not only that morning, but every Sunday in thirty or forty years—and on many a week day besides. There were men and women who had made a visit to the church every afternoon, to spend fifteen minutes or a half an hour or more in intimate converse with the Lord—and who had come back to say goodnight, sometimes before they went to bed.

Among The Mourners

All of them had sat—how many hours—in the old wooden pews and listened to the talk of pastors and of missionary preachers. All of them had knelt at the altar rail. All of them had visited the Confessional box a great



One heart and one soul

many times. All of them had seen some beloved relative or friend carried from this edifice to the graveyard a few rods away.

They looked at each other, and they looked away quickly, so that none should perceive how much they loved this church, how dreadfully they mourned its sudden passing. If there were tears in their eyes they pretended it was the smoke that caused it—the smoke that went straight up to heaven.

The fire burned merrily, brightly, for a long time. There seemed to be something wonderful about it, something supernatural, something almost sacramental. It was as if the priest had blessed it—it was so clean, it burned with such intense devotion.

It hadn't the usual roar of a fire. It had a kind of singing in it, a kind of chanting.

To Judge by Fire

Sometimes you could hear the voices of the girl choir-singers in it, or the voices of the nuns—the nuns who had sung that morning at the 8 o'clock Mass, when the Holy Name men went in a body to Communion, the nuns who sang High Mass on Holy Souls' day, a little more than a week before:

"Dies irae, dies illa"—that day, that day of wrath—that day when Christ shall come to judge the world by fire.

Sometimes it was just the church itself singing. It had been built for God. It had served Him faithfully all its days. It had held Him in its tabernacle lovingly. Now

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The B's Corner

An advertisement, seen in passing, somewhere in a street car or a bus, has travelled with me through half of our beautiful continent like a refrain. I could catch its melody in the song of the train wheels, the hum of the aeroplane propellers, the muted noise of boat engines, and swish of tires on the open road. CANADA UNLIMITED . . . CANADA UNLIMITED. And so she was indeed.

Unlimited in her spiritual possibilities. Unlimited in her opportunities to bring Christ out of the shadows of men's hearts, minds, and souls.

Hunger For God

Wherever I went on my extensive lecture tour of the Maritimes, I found hunger for God and the things of God. Everywhere I found stirrings of the Holy Ghost. Everywhere men, women and youth, facing our strange and unquiet times, were asking themselves the age old questions.

All realized that our days are days of danger and fear, but also days of hope, and of growth. All knew that the answers to their questions were hidden in their own hearts.

Many were beginning that journey inward that every Christian must undertake to meet the God Who dwells in each of us, and Who alone possesses the solution to the problems of our times.

Canada unlimited is turning her face Godward! Alleluia! May this year be for her a happy one, a joyful one. May it bring the answer to her seeking. May it be the beginning of her finding herself; not only as a world power, nor as the greatest store-house of mineral and natural wealth, but also as a huge beacon of light, guiding the world out of the dark and stormy seas that threaten it!

We the Catholics of Canada, especially, must remember that in our sinful hands we hold the fullness of Truth, and that we cannot, must not, hide the light of that Truth under the bushel of indifference or complacency. It has been placed in our hands, not only for ourselves, but for the whole world around us to see and follow.

Let, then, this new year be for us Canadian Catholics a year of Catholic Action unlimited. Let us, like the magi, go to the manger of Christ to ask for the strength we need. We need to remember that we are all apostles. We need also the courage to live our apostleship to the unlimited limits.

World Needs Us

Our age needs us. It needs us to be ambassadors of God, and apostles of Truth and Love. God has sent us—the laity, to preach His Gospel in the market place, through our daily lives. We too are a priestly people. We too have been ordained in the priesthood of Christ, according to our own fashion.

Let us not allow this priesthood to lie fallow in Canada unlimited.

There was hunger for God in Charlottetown, in Antigonish, in Halifax. People wanted to start working for Christ in earnest. The questions after each lecture brought that out clearly. Oh, much is being done . . . but there is so much more yet left to do.

Out of our talks came the

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COMBERMERE

By Catherine Doherty

Our little white-church-by-the-blue-river burned while I was far away. I found it out only upon my return. When I recovered from the shock, woman like, I wanted all the details. Especially did I want to know what our good pastor needed most urgently. For I was told that it was only by a miracle of God's grace that his Rectory was saved. Even today one can see how charred are the walls nearest the Church.

What Does He Need?

I found out that, of course, above all things, Father Dwyer needs money. Eddie explains that in his article. Besides money, he needs a thousand little things that every housekeeper would know about if she were around a fire.

Take blankets for instance. His were used, soaked with water, to put out the flames attacking his roof. There being no fire engines around here, we had to wet blankets and throw them on the burning parts of a building.

You can visualize WHAT HAPPENED TO SAID BLANKETS. So Father could use quite a few blankets, also sheets and pillow cases.

In the zeal, people started to get everything out of the house. In doing so, they damaged quite a lot of things. For who is over careful when a house is on fire?

So, you realize, Father could also use new glassware, and curtains, and china, and chairs, and a few bookshelves, and the like.

How About an Organ?

Would anyone want to get a nice small organ for the new Church we will be building this Spring? Surely there could be no better memorial for either the living or the

dead. Just think. Mass after Mass its voice will sing before the Lord, reminding Him of the generous donor. I think it is a wonderful gift to give. Don't you?

We once donated a nice carpet for the sanctuary. By "we" I mean the Sacred Heart Woman's Guild, a local Church society that was founded for the sole purpose of helping the parish. Now the carpet is gone.

Simpson's and Eaton's, our Canadian department stores, have nice sanctuary carpets. We would require, I imagine some forty yards or more. They have narrow strips so as to be easily fitted into the altar steps.

Vases for the flowers on the altar... yes Father would like those, I am sure. The old ones all went in the fire. You know the kind I mean — various heights, glass, specially fitted for altar decorations.

Fire Burned Wax Too

And I know that quite a few candles were destroyed. Candles, vigil lights, and altar lights, are expensive these days. The Baillargeon Co., of Montreal, P.Q., Canada would supply everything in that line that your generosity might wish to give.

And if any priests are reading this little article, maybe they could look over their stock of altar boys' surplices and cassocks, and send Father some. All sizes are needed, as you know.

I could go on and on. But I leave it to your imagination.

The address is REVEREND FATHER A. P. DWYER, COMBERMERE, ONTARIO, CANADA.

Just send him what YOU think he needs. And I know you will guess rightly.

GOD AND SCIENCE

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Knowledge Leads to God

"We would even say that from this progressive discovery of God, which is realized in the increase of knowledge, there flow benefits not only for the scientist himself when he reflects as a philosopher — and how can he escape such reflection? — but also for those who share in these new discoveries or make them the object of their own considerations.

"Genuine philosophers profit from these discoveries in a very special way, because when they take these scientific conquests as the basis for their rational speculations, their conclusions thereby acquire greater certainty, while they are provided with clearer illustrations in the midst of possible shadows and more convincing assistance in establishing an ever more satisfying response to difficulties and objections.

"Thus stimulated and guided, the human intellect approaches that demonstration of the existence of God which Christian wisdom recognizes in those philosophical arguments which have been carefully examined throughout the centuries by giants in the world of knowledge, and which are already well known to you in the presentation of the 'five ways' which the Angelic Doctor, St. Thomas, offers as a speedy and safe road to lead the mind to God.

From Human Reason

"We have called these arguments 'philosophical'.

This does not mean that they are aprioristic, as they are accused of being by a narrow-minded and incoherent positivism. Even though they draw their demonstrative force from the power of human reason, they are, nevertheless, based on concrete realities established by the sense and by science.

"In this way, both philosophy and the sciences, by means of activities and methods which are analogous and mutually compatible carry on their work. Though in different measures, they all make use of both empirical and rational elements and co-operate in harmonious unity for the discovery of truth."

Scientist of Today

"... the scientist of today, directing his gaze more deeply into the heart of nature than his predecessor of 100 years ago, knows well that inorganic matter is, so to speak, in its innermost being counter-signed with the stamp of mutability and that consequently, its existence and subsistence demand a reality entirely different and one which is by its very nature invariable."

"In fact, it would seem that present-day science, with one sweeping step back across millions of centuries, has succeeded in bearing witness to that primordial 'fiat lux' (let there be light) uttered at a moment when, along with matter, there burst forth from nothing a sea of light and radiation, while particles of chemical elements split and formed into millions of galaxies."

LUMBER GROWS NOW

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on this 5th day of December it was almost a Spring day. So the lumber could be cut and piled that it may season properly before it is used.

Not only did Father Dwyer and all his parishioners want the church to be rebuilt as soon as possible. God in heaven did too. That's why today was such an unusual day.



FIVE ACRE MEDITATIONS

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God had decreed its end. "Blessed be God," it chanted.

"Blessed be His holy name."

Out of the dust the trees had been raised that had made the wood of this church. Into the dust that wood was fast returning now. Not in anger nor despair. Not with protests nor lamentations. But with music, with song, with the gallantry of one who loves, with red and golden banners flying.

A Christian death for a Christian church. What more could a man ask for himself?

A splendid death, with his dear ones gathered close around him! Do you know a better?

To go like that, consumed — utterly consumed — with the love of God! To burn with that love until nothing remains but embers. To go merrily, gaily, cheerily home to the Lord! Can there be a better fate for church or man?

The Hallowed Pine

The roof fell in. The sparks shot high. A pine caught fire and exploded into brilliance. In the fraction of a second every one of its dark green needles was a thread of burning gold. It was as though an angel had given the tree a fiery halo.

The flame dropped to a lower branch, and clung there a little while, shining like a taper above a catafalque. Then the wind blew it out, and the smoke went up into the blue sky.

The pine didn't die, but it will never be the same. It had its moment of supreme glory. It will never have another. Shall anyone near me catch any sudden heat of love from me as I lay dying? I doubt it. Shall anyone dear to me burst into the flame of sanctity because there is a fire in me? Woe to me that

I am tepid!

There were the voices of priests in the roaring flames as well as the singing of the choirs. There were, too, all the prayers said in that church during the long, long years, by our community, all the acts of faith, hope, charity, and contrition, all the pleas for help, all the words of gratitude and of resignation and of submission to the holy will.

The church was rich with graces. It had much to offer God. Why should it not sing as it died?

It was impossible to save the edifice. The priest's house was burning. It might be possible to save that. The bucket brigade — there were scores of boys and men in that frantic body now — worked faster. A pump was found somewhere, and placed. Its hose threw a mild spray. But the fire was too hot for anybody to come close enough with the hose. The buckets had to be hoisted up to the roof on ropes.

Let Us Pray!

Two girls from Madonna House let themselves into the house, and went from room to room, touching the walls and the floors and the few sticks of furniture with a relic of St. Maria Goretti.

A boy from Madonna House was given the privilege of carrying the Blessed Sacrament to the convent of the Faithful Companions of Jesus and Mary, an eighth of a mile or so down the road. "Pray," he bade the nuns, when he had put the Monstrance and the Ciborium on the altar in their little chapel. "Pray that the fire doesn't spread."

"Pray," people at work said to people standing in the slush. "Pray hard."

"Pray," Father Dwyer said. "Pray for the house — and for the new church we shall have to build."

We prayed. The house was saved.

All the things that had been rescued from the church, and all the things that had been carried from the house, were brought back under the rectory roof — and a little squad of carpenters patched up the roof, Sunday or no Sunday, before they would leave.

The church is dead. Long live the church. We wait for you to help us build it. We cannot put up a new church without you.

We are orphans now, penniless orphans lost in the back bush of Canada. We call to you for help, for money, even for life itself. For the church is life to us here, so far away from you. Without it we must die.

A New Year and An Old Thought

By

E. Martin Muscato

It is difficult, as I sit shivering here in a house where poverty lives, to remain calmly convinced that Dr. I. M. Wealthy and I are knit together in one organism. The saving factor, of course, is that the organism is Christ in His Mystical Body. I have no doubt that Dr. Wealthy is quite comfortable under his electric blanket — made possible by my rent.

It will be easier tomorrow, at the altar rail, to accept our union in faith. Tonight I must only shiver and pray the prayer of the good centurion, "Lord, I believe; help

Thou my unbelief." And even this, I am afraid, is not enough.

Death Stung By A Laugh

For we are members of a happy Christ, the Christ who conquered death and left laughter in the grave to slay its darkness.

Laugh then, in the quick and holy joy of the children of life. You in your drab and lonely quarters among the back-woods; you in the hard-won flats of friendless cities; and you, in the plush interiors of suburban gentility, though you already have abundant cause for laughter, open your mouths and rejoice in the membership of a deathless Christ.

Your crosses would be symbols of defeat but for the certain knowledge that the Cross is robbed of shame and terror by the triumph of our oneness in Him resurrected. And your comfort would be soiled with bitterness by the fear of its being the only goal in an existence to cease with death.

You are members of one another. That unity involves an awful responsibility. If one member suffers, then the whole body ails; because one part cannot say to another "So you're hard up — what am I supposed to do?" Nor can another say, "He's got it easy, the fat capitalist; but when comes the revolution —"

The injustice of materialism or capitalism is not destroyed by the injustice of Dr. Wealthy's ignoring my need, nor by the injustice of my plotting his overthrow. But Christ is risen so that we are made the justice of God in Him. This is justice; that love may overthrow my envy of Dr. Wealthy and pull the grace of heaven down into his ignorance; that love may overthrow the ignorance of Dr. Wealthy and bring his hands to my assistance, thus annihilating my cause for envy. The justice of God will have me cry into the ears of Dr. Wealthy.

Let Him Know I Need

It would be a most shameful injustice for me to allow him to rest in his financial plenty without knowing my want. I will not be unjust for love of him and Christ. I cry and beseech you who understand the things I cry about to be silent no longer. You must also cry.

Cry for the children who are being poisoned in the sin-laden atmosphere of reformatories. Cry for the mad in their forgotten cages of neglect. Cry for the Negroes murdered because their flesh is dark. Cry for the sharecroppers, and for the men who make them what they are.

In order that what is subject to death in us — our selfishness and our tepidity — may be swallowed up in life, we must cry. From the pulpit and the newspaper, the subways, and the ordinary currents of our lives, we must preach this doctrine.

This is the joy of an empty tomb, a world brought back to life by love. This is the laughter of our calling as children of God, that our love will not see death but, transformed by our union with Him, will attain life eternal — and enrich our joy in it.

PAX IXTI

THE B'S CORNER

(Continued from Page Two)

idea of a Lecture Forum, and of a Reading Room, in a store-front somewhere downtown, where many men pass by many times through the day.

It is so simple to start a Lecture Forum that will bring new ideas to the community, and revive and reshape old ones; that will bring the men, women, and even priests, who are experts in the Restoration of the World to Christ.

One Thousand Dollars

All that has to be done is to print 500 tickets . . . and sell them FOR CASH IN HAND at two dollars each, to five hundred people. Then with a working capital of a thousand dollars, make plans to get four outstanding lecturers for the coming year. A fee of a hundred dollars, plus transportation, is an adequate and just one to pay. That would still leave \$400 or so. This could be used for the establishment of a reading room and lending library.

Many will come in — some out of curiosity, some out of need, some out of animosity, others because they have little else to do. All will depart refreshed. For they should find in that store front, youth ready to serve them, men and women ready to talk to them about God and the things of God . . . but above all, the word of God written in the vernacular of today.

Christ will greet them on the streets of Charlottetown, Halifax, Antigonish, Sydney, and will make them whole again, banishing their loneliness, setting them on fire, turning them into lamps for other men.

Then Two Thousand

Next year a thousand tickets at two dollars could be printed . . . and more books and magazines bearing the fullness of truth brought to men hungry for it.

Slowly the eddies begun by the stone of the lecture forum would spread wider and wider, in Canada unlimited — material and spiritual.

Maybe some day, high school youth will turn its four-wheel coasters into pamphlet racks, as we did once in the long ago in Toronto, and sell the thousand Catholic Truth pamphlets that just beg to be sold on the corners of busy streets.

Let those pamphlet sellers be placed opposite the Jehovah Witnesses who stand so patiently, so silently selling their wares, and maybe they too will see the fullness of truth on a corner of a busy city street.

Unlimited is Canada; unlimited is the ingenuity of Charity, whose other name is Love, whose other name is God.

Let us indeed make this year one of Catholic Action Unlimited. Then shall we hear the voices of the angels sing . . . PEACE ON EARTH TO MEN OF GOOD WILL.

And there shall be peace!

Try Noon, Deed, Eve, Civic, Level, As Clue

By R. W. Roddy

Regna is not male. Nor is it female. It is a term which describes the state of mind of men and women, who are most certainly headed for heaven. But let's talk about Regna as a person, for the sake of simplicity. Let's call the person Mary Regna. Mary Regna is a DP. She has BO. And, to be sure, she is American. She is close to Americans in government, in society, and in their homes.

Those Old Horns Again!

Most of us come to know her best, as we do our government, in the middle of a crisis. Dilemmas are her meat. We'll strain on the dilemma's horns. We try every other approach, but always we must end up with her.

She has one other alphabetical description, which, like those above, have other connotative meanings than the one that fits Mary Regna. CMP in America preparing for war relates to the Controlled Material Plan. It is that system of priority controls, through which materials will find their way out of normal consumer channels into defense and war productions.

Mary Regna's CMP is a system of priority control. Through this device materials funnel out of normal consumer channels into defense and war work. But Mary's CMP is Continual Mental Prayer.

Her war is the fight against the God and Magog of mystology. Not mythology, for that is fantasy. Mystology, the realm of the spirit. The arena of the conscience. The "heart break ridge" of the soul.

DP are the letters we use to first characterize our "girl."

BO A Delight!

When we said Mary Regna had BO, you probably flinched a bit. Or perhaps you chuckled, chuck-like. And well you might. For this terms of dersion is a term of delight. The light of her odor is not one of smell. It is rather a condition on which we must dwell. Blind Obedience.

Mary's mother had taught her that there were two ways to handle the faults of her neighbors. First she could condemn them. In which case she would probably dwell on them. Dwelling begets swelling. Swelling knows only two alternatives when it comes to our faults.

A. — Worry, which results in our damning the person, instead of the lack of virtue. When we damn we say Eve's prayer to the serpent. That is, we condition our heart and soul to receive the ecarg of him who once lived with God in heaven. Luci-

fer's history is one of reversal. He who "lived" with God, became the "devil."

Unriddle Me A Riddle

The alternative B, which Mary's Father taught her, the mystical formula of the soul for dealing with the faults of our neighbor, is prayer. Prayer we know to be the conditioning of one's soul to receive God's antidote, the opposite to "ecarg" — grace.

The thing we all have to fight when facing our neighbor's faults, as well as our own, is pride. The ingredients of the virtue that besets pride with correction are humility and simplicity.

To be humble, like Mary Regna, we must be a DP and have BO. We must Divinize Pride, with Continual Mental Prayer, for the graces of purity and Blind Obedience to the will of God — which we come to know by reflection of the commandments as they relate to our particular state in life.

In a generation when Nature's is spelled backwards, and trade-marked Serutan, and sold as a cathartic, we must realize that perhaps the second most important tool of the devil is Anger. Regna is anger in the state of grace.



Help . . . Our Lady Help

Christmas has come and gone. The cribs will linger for a few days more in homes and schools and churches — until after the Magi have departed, maybe. Then they will be put away.

And millions of men and women who gave even a little thought to the Christ child during the holidays — and meditated, perhaps, on other children born in homes as poor, almost, as the stable in Bethlehem — will probably not think of Him again, nor of the children of the poor. Not until next Christmas anyway.

Those who do, those who really want to do something for delinquent children, or for poor boys and girls who may become delinquents,

may be interested in the story of the "Delinquents' Madonna."

This story, which appeared in the magazine Perpetual Help, in October, 1949, has been reprinted in "throw-away" form and distributed by the thousands. It is Fr. E. T. Langton's account of the organization of the Society of Perpetual Help, with headquarters now at 1929 W. State St., Milwaukee.

A man named "Bill," Father Langton says, operating a hamburger joint known as the Hob Nob, put up a picture of Our Lady of Perpetual Help in the rear of the place, and when kids in trouble came to him he bade them go kneel before the picture and pray.

Later a home was built to shelter boys sent to Bill's care by the Milwaukee courts. Now this Marian Catholic Action project is expanding. If you want to help — as you want to be helped — don't forget the address, 1929 W. State St., Milwaukee 3, Wisconsin.

Random Thoughts

There is no such thing as bad weather. All weather is good because it is God's.

St. Teresa of Avila

Assist me up, I will look after myself coming down.

St. Thomas More to the Executioner

Piety in the saints is blended with all that is light-hearted and exhilarating.

Father Roche

Purgatory robs death of its sting.

Cardinal Gibbons

To be completely what one is, but in the best possible way, is the ideal of Catholic life.

St. Frances De Sales

Well regulated affections are no bar to holiness.

Father Roche

We must not only be patient in sickness, but patient with the particular kind of sickness that we suffer, and with all its accompanying circumstances.

St. Frances De Sales

It has almost reached the point where marriage alone is considered sufficient grounds for divorce.

America

Fear not that your life shall have an end, but fear rather that it shall never have a beginning.

Cardinal Newman

Love is the abridgement of all theology.

St. Frances De Sales

Blessed is he who has nothing to say and cannot be induced to say it.

Anon

Everyone is on a cross. Some ask to be taken down like the thief on the left, others ask to be taken up like the thief on the right.

Msgr. Fulton V. Sheen

The least act of pure love is of greater value to the Church than all other works put together.

St. John of the Cross

I firmly believe that there are only two classes of people in the world: those who have found God and those who are looking for Him.

Msgr. Fulton V. Sheen

True humility is the wish to be great and the dread of being called great. It is trying to be good and blushing when caught at it.

Anon

God Himself, sir, does not propose to judge man until the end of his days. Why should you or I?

Dr. Johnson

Be careful how you live. You may be the only book on Christianity that some people will ever read.

Manresa

When you have reached the perfection of holiness or think you have, remember a halo only has to fall two feet to become a noose.

Anon

If I had my theology to do over again, I would give two hours to meditation for every hour of study.

Father Colomblere, S.J.

Faith is to believe what we do not see, and the reward of faith is to see what we believe.

St. Augustine

A nation is on the decline when its married people believe that a pair beats a full house.

Catholic Times

Rest indeed! I would say I need no rest; what I need is crosses.

St. Teresa of Avila

Prayer of The Christian Farmer

O God, Source and Giver of all things, Who dost manifest Thine infinite majesty, power and goodness in the earth about us, we give Thee honor and glory.

For the sun and the rain, for the manifold fruits of our fields, for the increase of our herds and flocks, we thank Thee. For the enrichment of our souls with divine grace, we are grateful.

Supreme Lord of the harvest, graciously accept us and the fruits of our toil, in union with Christ, Thy Son, as atonement for our sins, for the growth of Thy Church, for peace and charity in our homes, for salvation to all. Amen.

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